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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SUMMER OF 1798.

My father's name was Samuel Wilkinson. He held a small farm within two miles of Enniscorthy, called Clevas: it contained but twenty-two acres, but it was rich ground, and the rent was low. It had been in our family since the battle of the Boyne, for I am descended from a Williamite. It lay in a pleasant valley between two hills, one named the Mine, and the other Coolnahorna. On this last, a tradition said that King James, when fleeing, stopped to take breath; and an old prophecy said that before another hundred years should have elapsed from that flight, the Irish should again muster on that hill, strong and victorious. The truth of this prophecy I myself saw but too clearly confirmed.

We had four milch-cows, and sent milk and butter to Enniscorthy; several dry cattle, and plenty of pigs and poultry; in particular, we had a great number of geese, for a beautiful trout-stream ran through our ground. Besides working-horses, we had two very excellent ones, one of which was thought good enough afterwards to mount a rebel general. We kept but one servant-girl, for both my mother and myself were active and handy; and we had one labourer in constant employment—poor faithful Martin. Our kitchen was always open to the poor traveller; and many a handful of meal and boiling of potatoes has my dear father encouraged me to bestow on those that wanted. It was not in this world he met a return for it.

Our farm, though productive, would hardly have supported us in the comfort and respectability we enjoyed, but that my father was also a clothier. He bought the fleece from the sheep's back, and manufactured it into middling fine cloths and friezes, which he disposed of at the neighbouring fairs. He thus gave bread to six men and four women, besides those he employed in harvest-time; and no one, gentle or simple, had ever reason to complain of Sam Wilkinson. Although all our neighbours of the better class were Protest-

ants (for we lived in the midst of twenty-two families of our own persuasion), yet all those we employed were Roman Catholics, and we met with as much honesty and gratitude from them as we could possibly have desired.

My father was advanced in life when he married, indeed, upwards of forty; but my mother was much younger, and I was their second child. He had five more at the time I now speak of: the eldest, William, was a fine, well-grown boy of sixteen or upwards; I was eleven months younger, not much above fifteen, but I was considered acute and sensible for a girl of my years. I had two sisters, one eleven, the other six; a brother of four; and my mother had lain in of another little boy only six weeks before the fearful times which I am endeavouring to describe.

During the entire winter of '97, when my father would return from Enniscorthy, he would mention the rumours he had heard of the discontent of the Roman Catholics, and the hopes they cherished that the French would assist them; but we never had time to think on such things, much less to grieve about them. We never imagined that any one on earth would injure us, for we had never injured any one; and we relied on the strength of the government, and in particular on the bravery of the Enniscorthy yeomanry, for putting down any disturbances, or even for repelling the French, let them come in what force they might.

My brother William, though so young, was one of these yeomen. In the preceding February, Colonel Pouden of that corps came to ask my father to join his men, but his advanced age and constant occupations obliged him to decline doing so. Colonel Pouden then cast his eyes on my brother, who, with his shirt-collar open, and his fair hair curling down his forehead and cheeks, looked more like a fine shame-faced girl than a boy. 'This handsome lad,' said he, 'is the very stuff for a soldier.' But my mother wept, and said she could not part from her son, till my father said he thought no danger could possibly come near him; and I hung about her neck, persuading her to let him go, for I longed to see how handsome he

would look in his uniform. In less than a month he was put on his first active service—to escort a party of prisoners (taken on suspicion of being rebels) to Duncannon Fort: he returned to us in a couple of days, and this short absence was followed by several others; but still, though the rumours brought home by him were far more alarming than any ever told us by my father, we never thought danger would reach our neighbourhood, so little did we suspect the storm that was so soon to burst over us.

On Saturday, being Whitsun-eve, Martin, our labourer, was shovelling oats, and my father went out to look at him. When he saw his master drawing near, he laid down his shovel, and looking earnestly at him, said: 'O master, if you would not betray or injure me, I would tell you something would serve you and yours.'

My father answered: 'You ought to know me well enough by this time, Martin, to be certain that I would not injure any one, much less you.'

'But, master,' continued he, 'I'm sworn never to tell any one that won't take the same oath which I did, to be true to the cause.'

'No, you unfortunate man,' exclaimed my father, 'I had rather see all belonging to me dead at my feet, and die with them myself, than be false to the government that has sheltered me.'

On this, Martin with a heavy sigh, took up his shovel, and went on with his work. My father had but little time to think on this, for he was obliged to leave two car-loads of oats at the mill of Moidart, to be ground for the use of the family. Moidart is rather more than two miles from Clevass, and Grimes the miller was a Protestant, and much respected in the country. As soon as my father cast his eyes on him, he saw that he also knew of something bad going on, for the utmost consternation was visible in his countenance; yet he hardly exchanged a word with him, for his heart, as he told us, was too full; and leaving the oats, he turned back with the empty cars, anxious to rejoin us as soon as possible. When he had gone over about half the road, he saw imperfectly (for it was now dusk) a great dust a little before him, and heard a confused murmur of voices; a moment after, he fancied it might be a body of soldiers advancing, for he imagined he saw their bayonets; but the next instant he was surrounded by a party of two hundred rebels, armed with pikes, who stopped, and dragged him off the car on which he was sitting. My father was no coward, as he proved well in two days more, but he told us, that at the moment the thoughts of all he had left at home came over him, his knees failed him, and if he had not clung to the head of the horse, he would have fallen to the ground. They asked him all together who he was, and where he was going to; and he was utterly unable to answer; but one of them chancing to know him, exclaimed: 'Oh, let him go; that is Sam Wilkinson of Clevass; he is an honest man;' and they set him at liberty. He came slowly home, and turning the horses over to the care of Martin, he walked in amongst us, and his face told us the ruin that was coming upon us, even before his words did. We thought little of eating the supper we had prepared for him and ourselves; and after hearing his story, we stepped out to listen if the armed ruffians were coming back; we heard nothing indeed; but we saw eleven distinct blazes in the distance, every one from its situation marking out to us where the house and

property of some neighbour, friend, or relation was consuming. In immediate expectation of a similar fate, we instantly began to load our cars with whatever furniture and provisions were most portable, that at daybreak we might flee with them into Enniscorthy. Whatever we saw was impossible to carry, and particularly all the wool and cloths in the factory, we dragged out to the fields, and concealed in the ridges of the standing corn; and it was but little of what we thus left we ever saw again.

We passed the entire night doing this; but the poor children—hungry and sleepy—ate, and lay down in the nearest corner, for we had already packed the beds on the cars. At the break of day, we milked the cows about the field, for we could not make use of the milk, and if we had left them unmilked, their udders would have become sore; and, after several unforeseen yet necessary delays, we set off for Enniscorthy, about ten o'clock on Whitsunday morning, just about the same hour we expected to have gone to its church. I carried the infant; my mother, yet weak from a bad confinement, leaned on my father's arm; and the other children followed us, the little one clinging to my gown. My brother William was already in Enniscorthy with his corps; the female servant went with us, and led one of the horses; but Martin remained behind with his mother in the little cottage my father had built for them; and when we next saw him, he was an armed rebel, for he joined them on the ensuing day. Yet, from his subsequent conduct to us, I cannot think that he ever was guilty of the same cruelties committed by many of his comrades. When we entered Enniscorthy, we went to the house of a relation named Willis, who willingly received us; but when we entered, there was hardly room for us to sit down, it was so full of the Protestant inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who had fled into the town for protection. Few of these had had time to bring away anything; and those who, like us, had brought food, immediately gave it to be shared in common.

My father, on seeing us safe in the house, immediately went and enrolled himself amongst the supplementary yeomanry, and was provided with a musket and crossbelts to wear over his coloured clothes. There were more than two hundred of the gentry and farmers of the vicinity armed hastily in the like manner; our regular yeomen, who were clothed and disciplined, amounted to about as many more; and we had one company of the North Cork Militia, not ninety-one in number. Excepting these last, all our little garrison were neighbours, or friends, or near relations to each other, who, knowing the immense force of the rebels, which certainly amounted to more than fifteen thousand men, and their cruelty, for they gave no quarter, knew they had no choice between dying like men, with their arms in their hands, or standing tamely like sheep to be butchered. And it was this handful of men, not amounting to five hundred, that we, in our simplicity, had thought could conquer all the rebels in the county.

When my father had left us, and we had unloaded our furniture, my sisters and I were at first so unconscious of our danger, that we were rather gratified by the novelty of our situation, and passed some time looking out of the windows, watching the yeomen (some of whom were cavalry) passing

hurriedly to and fro, and disputing between ourselves which of our acquaintances looked best in his uniform, or sat best on his horse. A very short time, however, changed our feelings, when seven or eight men, covered with blood, were borne into the house, and we were called upon to give up our beds for them to lie on. These were yeomen who had been skirmishing in the immediate neighbourhood, and who, full as the house was, were brought into it for immediate relief. I now began for the first time to see some of the miseries that threatened us; and thus passed a few uneasy hours over us, when it suddenly occurred to me that the cows would be injured if they were not milked again, and the servant-girl and I set out about six in the evening, and without meeting anything to injure us, reached Clevass in safety. We found all as we had left it, with the poor cows standing lowing to be milked. We each brought away a large pitcher, and on the road home met several Roman Catholic neighbours, with whom we had been on the most friendly terms; we spoke to them as usual, but they looked in our faces as though they had never seen us before, and passed on. I have since thought, that they either looked on us with abhorrence, as those devoted to destruction in this world and in the next, or, knowing our doom, and pitying us, were afraid to trust themselves to speak to us.

It was late when we returned to the town, and even in the midst of sorrow, I could still see joy lighten in the faces of my father and my mother at our safety: the reports of the advance of the rebels had been so frequent even during our short absence, that they feared we might have been intercepted on our return. The milk was most gratefully received as well by our own children as by the other poor little creatures sheltered in that crowded house. We prayed, and endeavoured to rest on the bare boards (for our beds were filled with the wounded yeomen), but though worn out in mind and body, it was little rest I took that Sunday night, with the moans of a wounded man in the very room with us, and the heat and closeness of the air, so different from our own pleasant airy little bedchamber. At the dawn I arose, and after inquiring in vain through the house for the maid-servant (who, I afterwards heard, had stolen off in the night to join her relations in the rebel camp), my father seeing me anxious again about our cows, said he would go with me, for he hoped there would be no immediate want of him in the town. We went accordingly to the little farm, and found again that as yet all was safe: the cows waiting for us, and the poor poultry and pigs looking to us for the food we had not to give them. My father went to look at his deserted factory, and I attended to the cows. I then thought of some griddle-cakes of coarse meal which we had forgotten on a shelf, and went to break some to the fowls; my father followed me into our desolate kitchen, and taking a piece of the bread, asked me for a mug of the warm milk; I gave it to him, when, turning to the door, and casting my eyes to the top of Coolnahorna Hill, which was not a quarter of a mile from us, I saw the ridge of it filled with men armed with pikes, the heads of them glistening in the morning sun. I called in much trouble to my father, and scarcely knowing what I was doing, took up the large vessel of milk I intended to have carried into town for the children; but my father, looking at me as if for the last time, said: 'Lay that down, Jane; it is most

likely we shall none of us ever want it!' I obeyed him; and we hastened back to Enniscorthy, where we arrived about nine in the forenoon. As we advanced towards it, we heard the drums beating to arms; and on entering, we heard that the enemy were closing in on all sides of it in vast force. We saw our friends and neighbours hurrying through the streets to the different posts assigned to them: the North Cork Militia were placed on the bridge over the Slaney, which ran on the east side of the town; our own horse yeomanry filled the street that led from the bridge to the town; our infantry, amongst whom were the supplementary yeomen, were placed at the Duffrey Gate, at the opposite extremity of the town, towards the west. A guard of yeomen was placed over the Market-house, where there was a great store of arms and ammunition, and where a few prisoners were confined; some more mounted guard over the castle, where some dangerous rebels were lodged; and in the midst of this confusion, my father, after leaving me with my mother, put on his belt, took up his musket, and joined my brother (whom we had never seen all this time, though he was on duty in the town) at the Duffrey Gate, the post assigned to them.

In the course of this morning, Willis, in whose house we were sheltered, put his wife and two infants on a horse, and mounting another, fled with them to Wexford. He never mentioned to us his intentions, nor could we blame him; for a calamity such as that in which we were all involved would have made the most generous man selfish. He was a friendly man, but he could not save us all; so, as was most natural, he took with him those that were dearest to him.

At eleven in the forenoon, the videttes brought word from the Duffrey Gate that the rebels were advancing to the town from the north-west, in a column that filled the road, and was a mile in length; they were calculated by some of our garrison who had served abroad to exceed six thousand in number. They soon closed with our Enniscorthy yeomen, and the shots and the shouting fell sharply on our ears. I was at first greatly terrified, and the children hid their faces in my lap; but in a short time I became accustomed to the noise, and could speak to my mother, and endeavour to give her some comfort; but she seemed stupified, and could say nothing in answer, but now and then to lament feebly that her son William was in the midst of such danger. She seemed not to comprehend that my father was equally exposed, more especially as he, seeing that the disaffected inhabitants of the town had now begun to set it on fire in several places, twice or thrice, on the enemy being partially repulsed, had quitted his post to run down and see were we yet safe, and to tell us that his William was behaving like a brave man and a soldier. He then, on hearing the advancing shouts of the rebels, would rush back to the fight; and this imprudence, in which he did but imitate too many of his comrades, gave fearful advantage to the enemy. Yet they did not act thus from want of courage—for they all shewed proofs of even desperate bravery—but from their anxiety for all that was dearest on earth to them, and from their being totally unacquainted with the duties of a soldier, for the greater part of the supplementaries had never carried arms till the day preceding.

The fearful firing had now continued three



hours, when the king's men fell back into the town, for our little garrison was now reduced to less than two hundred; and though they did not fall unrevenged—for more than five hundred of the rebels were slain—yet so numerous were these last, that they never felt the loss. The North Cork were now forced to provide for their own safety; and I have heard it said that they neglected to sound a retreat, which, if done, would have enabled many more of the Ennisecorthy men to have escaped in time. As it was, some few dispersed over the fields, and gained Duncannon Fort in safety, amongst whom was my brother; and the rest, with whom was my father, slowly retreated through the town, now blazing in many places. They fought in the burning streets, and though so few in number, more than once repulsed the enemy, who, crowded into a narrow space, impeded each other by their own numbers: then this handful of brave men would retreat again from the hundreds that still pressed on them, till at last they gained the Market-house, disputing every inch of ground. The house which sheltered us stood exactly opposite to this building, and though none within it dared venture to the windows, yet we knew, from the increased uproar, that destruction had now come near us. At last the house caught fire over us, and we all rushed out from the flames into the midst of the fight. I don't know what became of the wounded men within it; but if they were consumed, it was a more merciful death than they would have met from the rebels. We fled across the square to the Market-house, leaving all that we had so anxiously saved the day before to be burned, without bestowing one thought upon it; and I, who had never before seen a dead body, had now to step over many corpses of the rebels, who had fallen by the fire of our men in the Market-house, whilst whichever way I cast my eyes dozens more lay strewed around. The doors were hastily unbarred, and we were admitted, and once more I clung round my father; and then, stupified with fear, we sunk down amongst barrels of gunpowder, arms, and provisions and furniture piled up in heaps together.

Amongst those who defended the Market-house, was Grimes the miller, who was one of the most eager to admit us into the already overcrowded place, and who, through the loopholes in the doors and walls, was one of the most active in defending it. But in less than an hour it too took fire; and all within it, armed men, helpless women, and infant children, were forced to leave it, and throw themselves into the midst of the rebels, who now surrounded it in hundreds, or they would have been destroyed by the explosion of the gunpowder, which shortly after took place. As we were on the point of rushing out of the building, Grimes determined on a desperate step for our safety. He stretched his hand out of the half-opened door, and seized the pikes of two of the enemy who had fallen close to it, then turning to my father, he said: 'Act as I do, Sam; lay down that musket, and take this pike; tear one of those little green frocks of your children to put on the pike for a banner, and perhaps you and they may be spared.'

But my father replied: 'Never! I will never quit the king's cause, nor my musket, while I have life!'

Grimes then stuck his pike into a large flitch of bacon, and bidding us follow, he marched out of

the burning Market-house, as though he were joining the rebels, and triumphantly carrying provisions to them. My father, shouldering his musket, followed him; I came closely after him, carrying my little brother of four years old; the two little girls clung to my skirts; and my mother, with the infant, came after me. As we stepped from the door, my father turned round to me, and said: 'Jane, my dear child, take care of your mother and the children!' They were the last words I ever heard him speak.

As we left the Market-house, a fine infant, of four years old, the son of Joseph Fitzgerald, a near neighbour of ours, a child whom I had a hundred times nursed on my knees, came out beside me; when, unfortunately, one of the rebels, who had some particular hatred to its father, knew the child, and exclaiming: 'That's an Orange brat!' pushed him down, as I thought, on his back with his pike. The child gave a faint cry, and I was stooping to raise him, when I saw the pike drawn back, covered with its blood. A shiver for an instant shook its limbs—it was dead! I had strength given me to suppress a shriek, and I hid my face in my little brother's bosom, whilst the two other little creatures, without uttering a single cry, only pressed closer to me; and my mother, whose eyes were never removed from my father, fortunately never saw it.

We were allowed to pass over the square without being injured, and were still following Grimes towards the river, when I noticed one pikeman following us closely, and at last pushing between my father and me. In my fear and confusion, I did not recollect the man, but I was told afterwards that it was one Malone, whom I had many times seen, and who, of all men on earth, we had least reason to fear. His mother had been of a decent Protestant family, but had married a profligate of the opposite persuasion; he had deserted her and one infant when she was near being confined of this man; and my father's mother took her home, and on her dying in childbirth, my kind grandmother put the deserted child to her own breast, and thus preserved its life for some days till she hired a nurse for him. Our family reared him till he was able to provide for himself, and he was now a leather-cutter. I did not know him, however, for his face was covered with dust and blood; his appearance, consequently, was horrid, and his action was suspicious; so as though I could save my father, I determined not to lose sight of him, and with his three young children kept close to both. Concealed in a chimney at the corner of a lane we were now about entering, there was a yeoman, who, it was said, fired more than a hundred shots that day, and made every one tell. He at this moment took aim at a pikeman within a few paces of us, who staggered a few steps, and fell dead behind me, exactly across my mother's feet. She dropped in a dead faint beside the corpse; I turned to raise her, and to take the young infant from the ground on which it had slid out of her arms. I thus lost sight of my father, and of the fearful pikeman that was following him, and never saw him alive again. But Providence thus kindly spared me the sight of his murder by the very man that had drawn his first nourishment from the same breast with him. He followed him into Barrack Lane, and piked him at the door of Mr Sparrow's brewery: a man named Byrne, in charge of the place, saw him commit the act, and saw

him, too, with his leather-cutter's knife, disfigure his face, after emptying his pockets, and stripping him of the new coat and hat he had on.

In a few minutes after I had lost sight of my father, my mother came to herself; she arose, and we both, unconscious of our loss, went with the children towards the river, thinking we might perhaps rejoin him. My mother was quite bewildered, and unable even to speak to me, much less to advise me, and I, although born so near the town, had seldom been in it but to church, or to market, and was quite ignorant where to seek for shelter. We asked at many doors would they admit us, but we were constantly driven away, and sometimes even with threats and curses. At last we came, by chance, to the house of one Walsh, a baker, who knew my mother, and spoke kindly to us; he opened his door; but we had hardly time to enter, when five or six pikemen followed, and ordered him to turn us out, or they would burn the house over our heads. He dismissed us unwillingly, and put at the same time a little open book into the hands of one of the children: when we had gone a few steps, I saw it was a Romish prayer-book, which he seemed to have opened purposely at a picture of the crucifixion; but whether he meant that this was to be a token to insure our lives, or that it was to prepare us for the fate that seemed to await us, I cannot tell; I only recollect that I desired the child to lay it down, that we might not deny our religion in our last moments. We now followed some other desolate beings like ourselves, who led us into the garden of one Barker, who had borne a high command that day amongst the rebels. His family did not seem as though they noticed us, and we sat down, with many more, on the earth under the bushes. All were women and children, and I have since heard that thirty-two new-made widows passed the night in that garden. Many of these knew their loss, yet fear had so completely conquered grief, that not one dared to weep aloud; the children were as silent as their mothers; and whenever a footstep was heard to pass along, we all hid our faces against the earth. The moon shone brightly that night, and I saw at one time a man led into the garden pinioned; but Barker, who was then in the house, was so humane as not to put him to death amongst us, but ordered him off to Vinegar Hill.

As the night advanced, a rebel named Lacy, who knew us, perceiving my mother to shiver violently with fear and cold, went out, and soon returning, threw around her about four or five yards of coarse blue cloth, and spoke some words of pity to us. She, in her terror, endeavoured to cast it away from her, for she said she should be killed for having on her what was not her own; but I, with some difficulty, made her keep it; still, as she would throw it from her, drawing it around her again, and placing the shivering children beneath it, till at last she seemed to forget how it was given to her: and, except the clothes we wore, that was the only covering we had for ten weeks to sleep under.

In the dead of the night, I began to take somewhat more courage, and hearing a strange noise in a lane which was divided from the garden only by a low wall, I crept on my hands and knees to it, and saw a sight that soon drove me back to my mother's side. Some wounded men had been dragged to die in that lane, and some young boys of the rebel side had mounted on horses, and were

galloping up and down many times across their bodies, they only shewing signs of life by their groans; but Barker, when he heard of this, put a stop to it, and let them die in peace.

In the house, a Protestant lady of great respectability was sheltered with her children. As a mark of good-will towards her, a little thin stir-about was made early the next morning (Tuesday) for them. She saw from the house our desolation, and beckoning me to her, gave me a plateful of it for our children; but though they tasted it, none could eat but the little boy; fear had deprived the others of the least appetite.

About nine, I felt such a desire to rejoin my father, that I might bring him back with me, that I left my mother, and went to the garden-gate. The first person I saw was Martin's mother, dressed completely in new and excellent clothes, and in particular a remarkably handsome beaver-hat. I was so much astonished at this, for she was very poor, that forgetting for the moment all my anxiety and fear, I asked her who had given the hat. She answered me sternly: 'Hush! 'tis not for one like you to ask me where I got it.' 'But, Molly,' said I, 'have you seen my father?' 'I have,' said she; 'and he is dead.' I forgot what I said or did for some minutes after hearing this; but I then found that Molly Martin had drawn me away from the garden-gate, lest, as she told me, my grief should tell my mother what had happened. I clung to her, and entreated her to take me to him, that I might see him once more: she at first refused; but at last, to pacify my violence, she consented. We went about a quarter-mile to Barrack Lane, where, lying in the midst of five or six other bodies, with two pikemen looking on, I saw and knew my father. He lay on his back, with his hand across his breast, and one knee raised; his shirt was steeped in blood; the lower part of his face disfigured with the gashes of the ruffian's knife, and his mouth filled purposely with the dirt of the street. Beside him lay our large mastiff, which followed us from Clevass, and which had licked all the blood off his face. This creature, though he was heard the ensuing night howling piteously round the ruins of our cottage, was never afterwards seen by any one.

I can now describe what then it nearly killed me to look upon. I felt a suffocation come on me. I thought, as I looked on him, I could have given my mother, my brother, and all, even my own life, to have brought him back. I fell on my knees, and whilst kissing his forehead, broke out into loud cries, when one of the rebels gave me such a blow with the handle of his pike in my side as laid me breathless for a moment beside my father, and must have broken my ribs but for a very strong bodice I wore. He was going to repeat the blow, but that his comrade levelled his pike at him, crying, with an oath: 'If you strike her again, I will thrust this through your body! Because the child is frightened, are you to beat her?' I now knew him to be one Jack Brian, who but the preceding week had purchased some cloth from my father at a fair to which I had gone with him. He spoke with kindness to me; and he and Molly Martin brought me back to the garden where I had left my mother, advising me not to tell her what I had seen, lest she should perish with terror and sorrow.

We remained without food all that day, but we wanted none; and towards evening, Barker's family turned us all out of the garden, telling us it was

not safe for us to remain there any longer. I now thought of taking my mother home, for as she was quite stupidified, and had never spoken the whole day, she was quite incapable of advising with me, so I was left entirely to myself, and had to lead her after me like one of the children; but just as we reached the outskirts of the town, and were slowly walking along the river, a party of rebels on the opposite bank ordered us back into the town again, threatening at the same time to fire on us. We then tried to quit it by another outlet, when we were surrounded by a large party of the pikemen, and marched off with many more prisoners whom they had previously taken to Vinegar Hill.

This hill lies close to the town of Enniscorthy. It is not high, but rather steep, and the rebels were assembled on it in thousands. They seemed to have a few tents made of blankets, but the greater number were in the open air. I could see that some were cooking at large fires, while others lay scattered about, sleeping on the ground. It was about sunset when we were taken to the hill, where the men who were our fellow-prisoners were separated from us, and driven like sheep higher up the hill; whilst we, and many more women and children, were ordered to sit down in a kind of dry ditch or trench about half-way up it. We had not been long here, when we were accosted by a female neighbour named Mary Donnelly; she was a Roman Catholic, and had come that day to join her husband on the hill. She wept over us, and sat down close to my mother, who, feeling that her presence was a protection, would cower down beside her when she heard the slightest noise; and the entire of that night we heard fearful sounds above us, as the men who were brought with us to the hill were massacred one by one. We could hear plainly the cries of the murdered, and the shouts of the executioners. Towards dawn, I saw in the bright moonlight what terrified me more than any sight I had yet beheld: I saw a tall white figure rushing down the hill directly towards us; as it came nearer, I saw it was a naked man, and I felt my heart die within me, for I thought it was no living being. He passed so close to me that I could see the dark streams of blood running down his sides. In a few seconds, the uproar above shewed that he was missed, and his pursuers also passed close to us. One saw me looking up, and asked had I seen any one run past, but I was given courage to deny it. This—as I afterwards heard—was a singularly fine young man, not quite twenty, named Horneck, the son of an estated gentleman in the neighbourhood. He had been piked and stripped, but recovering, had fled thus from the hill. He waded the Slaney, and ran six miles to the ruins of his father's house, where his pursuers reached him, and completed their work of destruction.

On Wednesday, about eleven in the forenoon, owing to the intercession of Mary Donnelly, we were allowed to leave the hill. When we had gone about a furlong, I cast my eyes on my mother, and was shocked at missing the infant from her arms. I cried: 'O mother, where is the child?' 'What child?' she said. 'Oh, I believe I left it in the trench in which we sat.' I went back, and found the poor little creature asleep on the ground, my mother being so crazed with grief and fear that she had forgotten it.

In our progress towards home, we met a poor silly fellow, a wood-ranger, who called himself a pikeman, but was armed only with the handle of a

shovel with no pike-head on it: he took my little sister on his back, and my brother in his arms, and offered to leave us at our own home. When within half a mile of it, we met a Roman Catholic lad, a school-fellow of my own, whose name was Murphy: he wept bitterly on seeing us, and perceiving us sinking with weakness, he led us to the next house, and insisted on our being admitted, and then flew off to his mother's house for bread and milk; but we could only drink. We were allowed to rest here till towards evening, but were then obliged to leave it, for the woman of the house said that its safety was endangered by our stay. Murphy again gave my mother his arm, and towards dusk we at last reached the home we had so long wished for, and found but a heap of ashes. The house and haggard had been burned to the ground, the side-walls had fallen in, and nothing was left standing but one chimney and a small outhouse, from which the door had been torn. Our factory, with all our wheels, looms, presses, and machines, was burned; all our wool and cloth which we had concealed in the corn was carried off; our young cattle, pigs, and horses (all but one) were driven to Vinegar Hill; all our hay and corn burned down; and yet we stood looking on all this destruction in utter silence, as if we could not comprehend that it was ourselves on whom it had fallen.

My father's brother lived within two fields of us; his wife, whose maiden name was Reinhart, was the daughter of one of those German colonists, or Palatines as they were called, who were settled in our county, as well as in several others, many years before. She was uncommonly charitable to beggars, or poor travellers, as they called themselves, and had even made my uncle build an outhouse purposely for a lodging-house, which she had constantly filled with clean straw for them to sleep on. One of these, a woman of the very lowest description, when she saw them on the preceding Sunday preparing like us to shelter in Enniscorthy, clung round their feet, and between entreaties and threats, prevailed on them to remain in their house. She stayed to protect them, and by her courage and presence of mind, she saved the entire of their property from destruction. She turned back more than one party of rebels who came to plunder or to burn, always running out to meet them with songs and cries of joy, and constantly giving them whatever food could be procured for them, and which in the intervals my aunt and herself were busily employed in cooking for them. My uncle, hearing that we were standing at the ruins of our own house, came to us, and brought us to his, and there we found nearly fifty women and children of the better class, who had no other place in which to lay their heads, nor a morsel to satisfy the hunger which (now that they were no longer in immediate fear for their lives) they began to feel.

All the provisions in the house had been given to the different parties of rebels; but we milked all the cows, both my uncle's and our own (for the four milch-cows had been left), and made curds, which, for two days, was our only nourishment. On the third day, poor Martin came to see us; he wept with us, and gave us two sacks of barley-meal, which he and his comrades had, of course, plundered from some other distressed creatures, but which want forced us gratefully to accept. In a day or two after, he came a second time with some tea and sugar, and I almost wept for joy at receiving it, for my mother was unable to take



any nourishment, and the infant was perishing for want at her breast. I have often thought their lives were prolonged by this supply, which was almost equally grateful to the unhappy ladies, our companions; but my aunt and myself scrupulously refrained from touching it, not that we thought it sinful, but to make it last the longer. In a day or two more, my uncle found that two of our pigs which had been driven off had returned home, and he killed them, which gave us a great supply of food. In about a fortnight, the greater number of those creatures he had sheltered departed to what homes and friends were left to them; but still for many weeks, we and several as desolate were almost totally dependent on him.

On Friday, my aunt said to me: 'I shall tell your mother of your father's death, for it is better she should be in the most violent grief than in her present state.' She did so; and I cannot even now bear to think of the manner in which my mother heard it; yet in the midst of her anguish for his loss, the thoughts of his lying unburied seemed to give her most pain. My aunt, who was a woman of great strength both of person and mind, and who loved my father as though he had been her own brother, now proposed that I should accompany her the next day (Saturday) to the town with a little car, to seek for the body, and we agreed to lay it in one of those pits in which we were accustomed to bury our potatoes, but which were now empty and open. We went accordingly, and met no molestation; but on reaching the place, the body was nowhere to be seen. No other corpse was in sight, yet the smell of putridity was so strong that my aunt fainted. I got her home again, and there we saw Martin, who had just brought the meal, and who told my mother that he had himself laid his master's body in a gravel-pit, and covered it over; but that, I know, was but a pretence to pacify my mother, for some weeks afterwards, we searched that gravel-pit in vain; and I was afterwards told that the body of my father, and all the others, had been thrown into the Slaney, which ran close beside, but a few hours before we had gone to seek for it. Martin called upon us several times afterwards, still anxious for our safety; but at Borris, on the 12th of June, he was mortally wounded, and even then, when dying, made his comrades promise to bring his body, and lay it in our ground. They accordingly brought it twenty miles on a car to his mother, waked it in our outhouse that was yet standing, and buried it next day in one of our fields near his mother's house. We attended his funeral, partly to conciliate the fearful men who accompanied it, and partly from regard for his fidelity, and I shed some tears of sincere sorrow over his grave.

When I had been about ten days at my uncle's house, a young man named Morgan Byrne, who was to have been married to one of my school-fellows, came on horseback with three more rebels of the better class, to demand from us the fine young horse which they had been unable to carry off before on account of his legs being fettered lest he should have strayed away. They said they wanted him to mount their general, and ordered me to unlock the fetters. In all our troubles, I had happened to preserve my mother's keys, though now totally useless; so I went with them to the field where the horse grazed, and when I had taken off the fetters, in a fit of careless anger at seeing this last act of plunder, I shook them at him, on

which the fine young beast fled at full speed. The rebels cursed me heartily, but galloped off to catch him, in which they did not succeed till he had run more than three miles, when they caught him as he attempted to swim the Slaney. Many weeks after, when the rebellion had been completely quelled, my brother heard he was in the possession of a Protestant gentleman in Wexford. He instantly armed himself, rode thither, walked into the stable where the horse stood, and without exchanging a word with the man in whose possession he was, and who was present, unloosed him from the stall, and brought him off without the slightest opposition having been made.

The rebel power now began to decline, and we lived some weeks in dread both of them and of the straggling parties of military sent in pursuit of them. From the first class we were protected by the female beggar, and by Martin's mother, who still lived with us, and neither of whom were ever afterwards deserted by our two families; but the last, either not knowing that we were suffering loyalists, or not caring, often behaved with great insolence. The smaller the party was, the more we were in dread of them; and more than once, myself and a few more young girls, fearing to pass the night in the house, slept in the centre of a large holly-bush at some distance from it. But after the rebels were repulsed from Newtown Barry, and after the battle of Vinegar Hill, where they were totally routed, a regular camp was formed within a field's length of my uncle's house; we were then protected, for the soldiers were under better discipline, and we found an excellent market for our milk and butter, which enabled us to purchase a few indispensable articles of furniture and clothing, and to fit up the outhouse for a dwelling-house. Lord Tyrone, too, who commanded these men, sent every day a baker's cart to distribute bread to the families of the suffering loyalists, and we frequently got two loaves each day from it. On Vinegar Hill being carried by assault, he sent to my mother, desiring her to look if there was any of her furniture amongst the immense quantity of plunder that was on it; she went to thank him, but said she need not look, for all hers was burned in Enniscorthy. He smiled, and called her a simple woman, and then asked her what she wanted most, for he would give it to her; she said if he could spare a feather-bed, she would be for ever grateful, and he immediately ordered two of the best to be given to her. I shall never forget the joy we felt at being once more enabled to sleep in comfort, for, till then, we had only loose straw thrown on the ground to sleep on. The latter end of July, a field of our barley, which had escaped the trampling, ripened; Mr Grimes the miller, who had saved both his life and property, gave us back all our oats ready ground; our new potatoes were fit for use; and we never afterwards knew what want was. We did not, however, build a house till the next summer; and the blackened ruins of our little factory, which (as he that managed it was gone) we never rebuilt, are yet to be seen.

A few nights after Vinegar Hill was taken by the king's forces, I went with a lantern to an unfrequented outhouse, to bring in some straw. Martin's mother, when she perceived where I was going, followed me, much agitated; but I had already reached the little building, and as I removed the sheaves, I was dreadfully shocked to

see that they concealed three or four ghastly-looking creatures, who, on seeing me, entreated in the most piteous manner that I would not betray them. They were rebels, who had been badly wounded in the battle; and the woman who had sheltered them there, and had supplied them with food from my uncle's house, now joined her entreaties to theirs, and I promised faithfully I would be silent. In four days more, one died, and was buried privately by the two poor women, and the rest were able to remove. I have since been blamed for not giving them up, but I have never repented of it.

It was just six weeks after the beginning of our troubles, that, as I was passing near the ruins of our house, I was startled at hearing within it the deep sobs and suppressed cries of some person in sorrow. I ventured to look in, and found they proceeded from a man who was sitting on a low part of the fallen wall, with his head resting on his knees. When he heard my steps, he arose, and I saw my brother; but if it had not been for the strong likeness he yet bore to my father, I should never have known him. From a fair, ruddy, robust boy, he had become a tall, haggard, sun-burned man, so thin, that his waist might have been spanned; and yet he was not seventeen, and this change had been wrought in him by hardship and want in the space of little more than two months, for it was just so long since we had last met. He immediately turned when he saw me, and fled from me at his utmost speed. In three days more, however, he returned to us again, more composed, and able to meet my poor mother with at least the appearance of calmness. He afterwards got occasionally leave of absence to assist in our farming business, but he never was able to settle entirely with us till the winter was past.

In one of his short visits, sitting alone with him one night after all were gone to rest, I ventured to ask him how soon he knew of my father's death. He looked at me with a sternness and solemnity that awed me, and said: 'I knew of it long before I was told of it: I knew of it when I was on guard at Duncannon Fort, on the third night after the battle of Enniscorthy, for I saw him as plainly as I now see you. Overpowered with hunger and fatigue, I slept on my post, when he stood beside me, and awakened me; and as I opened my eyes, I saw him clearly in the bright moonlight, and he passed away from before me; and I knew by what I felt that he was no living man!' This might have been but a dream; yet who can say that he was not permitted to save his son from the death that inevitably awaited him if caught sleeping on his post.

I have now related the principal circumstances that fell under my own eye in the fearful summer of 1798, during which, beside my father, I lost fourteen uncles, cousins, and other near relations. But were I to tell all I saw and all I heard, I could fill volumes; yet, before I conclude, I must mention one evil, not generally known, that arose from the rebellion, but the ill effects of which may be said still to continue. The yeomanry was composed mostly of fine boys, the sons of farmers, some of whom had scarcely attained the age of sixteen. These, removed from the eyes of their parents, with weapons placed in their hands, raised to the rank of men before they had discretion to behave as such, and exposed to all the temptations of idleness, intoxication, and bad companions,

when peaceful times returned, were totally unable to settle to their farms (too often, by their father's death, left to them alone), but continued the same careless, disorderly life, till they became quite unable to pay their rents. They then were ejected, and emigrated to America; and on the very grounds which, thirty years ago, were in possession of old Protestant families, there now live the descendants of those very rebels, who may be said to have been the origin of all this evil.

This, thank God, has not been the case with our family. Clevass is still in my brother William's hands. My mother, now an aged woman, lives with him; and all the rest of the family have been now for many years married and settled in their own houses. But fears and suspicions still\* remain in the hearts of both parties in the County Wexford; and until the present generation, and their children after them, shall have passed away, it will never be otherwise; for those who, like me, have seen their houses in ashes, their property destroyed, and their nearest and dearest dead at their feet, though they may and must forgive, they can never forget.

#### OUR WATER-BUTTS.

A GREAT many learned men are assuring us that our water-butts are very dirty and very insufficiently supplied. One of them lately asked the teetotalers, 'whether they had ever made the experiment of quaffing a glass of cold water fresh from the cistern or pipe in the city of London.' He ventured to think that their principles would be exposed to a severe trial by such a test: 'For ourselves,' said he, 'unless the water were previously boiled, it would require a large sum to induce us to perform a feat to which we are by no means unaccustomed in many of the large towns of the North.' This is rather an extravagant statement; but there can be no question that, in spite of the filtration which the companies now adopt, the water supplied to London cisterns and butts is far less pure than it should be. It has been ascertained by chemical analysis, that while the water supplied to Glasgow from Loch Katrine contains only two grains of mineral and organic impurity to the gallon, the water which the Londoners drink contains on an average twenty grains, or ten times as much. The vitiating qualities of the salts of lime and magnesia render the water 'hard;' while the refuse from towns in the upper and middle parts of the valley of the Thames renders it dirty. As to the hardness, it necessitates the use of a great additional quantity of soap and soda in washing, and also retards the processes of infusion and decoction in making tea and coffee. Some calculators have even gone so far as to say, that if the water of London were as soft as that of Glasgow, we should save £400,000 a year in these four articles of consumption—soap, soda, tea, and coffee. It is known also to medical men that hard water is productive of many diseases of a painful character, not observed among the drinkers of water obtained from the millstone grit and the primitive geological formations.

But the point which excites the most anxious attention is the prospective shortness of supply.

\* The manuscript from which the above narrative is printed was written upwards of forty-five years ago.



If the metropolis goes on increasing at its present rate, there will be nearly six million of inhabitants at the end of the century; and the demand for water will proportionately increase. How the Thames, and the Lea, and the New River are to meet the additional demands thus made upon them, is really a very grave question. It is of no use to scold the water-companies. The New River and the Grand Junction, the West Middlesex and the Lambeth, the Chelsea and the Vauxhall, the East London and the Kent, all do the best they can; and most of them have really incurred a very heavy outlay in increasing their supply and building reservoirs for settling and filtration. The question recurs year after year, and will present itself again and again until a solution is found for it. The great Main Drainage scheme is good, and so are the Thames Embankment schemes; they economise (or will do so by and by) the water which flows down the river from the west, and they help to keep this water clean; but they are powerless in regard to any augmentation of the actual quantity; the rains and the springs of distant countries do their work, whether we in London do our duty or not.

The majority of hydraulic engineers look to the valley of the Thames itself as fitted to be, as it has hitherto been, the source of water-supply for the metropolis. At the present time, the eight water-companies obtain nearly all their supply from the Thames itself, or from the New River, very little indeed being obtained by Artesian wells. So far as geology teaches, London is not badly off in regard to well-sinking and a supply of well-water. The London Basin—a chalk basin of large size—is a natural reservoir, always more or less saturated with water, or enclosing underground collections of it. This water may be reached by Artesian wells, sunk to different depths, according as we approach nearer to the edge of the basin. Some calculators talk about two or three hundred million gallons of water per day which could be obtained by wells and pumps over the available area of the chalk region. But then comes the question of the formidable amount of machinery necessary for putting this scheme in practice. There is no descending force of water of which we can avail ourselves; the water is at a lower level than the people who have to drink it and use it; we must pull it up, because it will not flow down. This pulling-up is another name for an enormous expenditure of steam-power, or power of some kind, constantly employed at a large working expense. A very considerable increase would be necessary in the number of reservoirs, into which the water would be pumped from the wells; and many of these reservoirs would have to be built on ground which is becoming valuable, and which could not be purchased except at a high price per acre. The expenses at each pumping station would be permanent and unavoidable, and the water would be harder than that at present supplied by the companies, on account of the chalk or lime which it would contain.

Some look to the chalk near Grays, in Essex, as a source for a copious supply of water; indeed, very highly-coloured accounts have been drawn up concerning the value of that scheme. If the engineers prove their theory to be true, so much the better; but it would be unwise to regard this otherwise than as one among many sources to look to.

Mr Bailey Denton insists upon it, that we need

not go beyond our old but much-abused friend, the river Thames, for a metropolitan supply. He dwells upon these facts—that the area of the whole basin of the Thames, the area of rainfall that finds its way down to the Nore, very far exceeds three million acres; that upon the whole of this area there falls a depth of twenty-five inches of rain in an average year; that the water which flows over Teddington Lock is only equal to one-eighth of this depth, the rest passing off chiefly by evaporation into the atmosphere; and that about one million acres of rainfall drains into the Thames below Teddington Lock, through the smaller streams of the Yedding, Brent, Wandie, Ravensbourn, and Roding. The rainfall east of Teddington is a little less in average depth than that on the west; but a larger ratio of it feeds the river, on account of the favourable nature of the strata through which it percolates. Mr Denton thinks that there is really water enough for our metropolitan wants, but that we must look sharply after it in the upper parts of the Thames. 'It would be necessary that we should have full command of the numerous sources which feed the river; and as the river cannot afford to lose from its volume the diminished springs from which its tributaries emanate, it would have to be shewn that, whatever quantity be taken from these sources, may be readily replaced from a stored surplus. This might be done by conserving at high levels the surplus of the streams, after a gauged quantity, sufficient to maintain them in their full use, has been secured. Reservoirs in the shape of ornamental waters and widened channels of the streams themselves, in which the surplus might be stored by means of weirs, placed so as not to interfere with the proper drainage of the valleys, would be all that was required.' In other words, let us take good care of the water a long way out of London, and then London itself will be sufficiently supplied by an increased flow. It is ascertained that the Thames and Severn Canal robs the Londoners of no less than twenty million gallons of water every week—that is, water to this amount, supplied by the upper sources of the Thames, after doing duty on the canal and the canal locks, flows to the sea through the Severn, instead of through the Thames. 'So much the better for us,' say the Gloucestershire folk; and certainly it is the better for them; but it is known that this water naturally belongs, by the configuration of the ground, to the Thames basin, and not to that of the Severn. This quantity of water would nearly supply the whole of Oxfordshire, and leave an equivalent quantity to flow down to us metropolitans. Nine inches of water, drawn from a reservoir five hundred acres in extent, will supply London for one day; and Mr Bailey Denton contends that we could obtain this without robbing the intervening districts, by taking more care of the rainfall in the upper basin of the Thames.

There have, however, within a comparatively recent period, been two magnificent schemes submitted to public notice, suggested by the wonderful success of the Glasgow water-system. That busy city is now copiously supplied with beautiful water from Loch Katrine, by a series of well-planned and finely-executed aqueducts, tunnels, embankments, culverts, and reservoirs, to the entire satisfaction of the Glasgow folk. The two schemes for similarly benefiting London we will briefly describe.

Mr Bateman calls upon us to patronise Wales as the source of our future water-supply for London. He says we ought to have two hundred million gallons a day, to make fair provision for the increase of numbers which is sure to come upon us. He finds that on the mountain flanks of Plinlimmon, Dinas Mowddu, and Aran Mowddu, certain streams arise, which, forming the small rivers Wrynwy, Banw, Ceryst, and Tarannon, constitute the head-waters of the Severn, and receive the rainfall of a hundred and thirty thousand acres of ground. This rainfall he estimates at certainly not less than thirty-six inches per annum. The water from these four small rivers (the Welsh names of which are rather trying to English tongues) is to be caught and impounded in six reservoirs, four of which are to be of very large size; and from these it will be conducted, through two aqueducts twenty miles long each, to Marten Mere, where they will unite. From Marten Mere the water will flow to Stanmore, near Edgeware, passing near the towns of Bridgenorth, Stourbridge, Bromsgrove, Warwick, Banbury, and Watford. The channel of conveyance will be a single aqueduct, which will cross the river Severn at Bridgenorth by means of inverted siphon pipes. At Stanmore will be constructed extensive service reservoirs, at a height of two hundred and fifty feet above Trinity high-water mark. Large pipes will bring the water from these service reservoirs to London, where, as a consequence of the difference of level, it would give a constant supply at high-pressure. There would be a hundred and seventy miles of aqueduct, and ten miles of large piping. The cost of all this would be enormous—nearly nine millions sterling; but the works necessary for supplying the present population of the metropolis might be brought down to seven millions and a half. This is a formidable appeal to the purse, certainly; but it is far less in amount than the sum which the South-eastern and the Chatham and Dover Companies have spent in London and the immediate suburbs upon railways and railway works. There would, however, be another formidable sum to be provided for. Mr Bateman does not propose to make the new scheme compete with the existing water-companies, in a rivalry which would involve the frequent tearing up of the streets to lay down new pipes hither and thither. His scheme comprises the buying up of all the existing companies, or rather their works, reservoirs, and mains, at a price based on twenty-five years' purchase of the present dividends and interest. The whole property would have to be invested in some public body, such as the Metropolitan Board of Works, empowered to levy a house-rate for the payment of interest on outlay and for working expenses. The shareholders of the several water-companies would thus be placed in the position of perpetual annuitants, with the rate-paying property of the metropolis as a security. Whether there would be a sinking fund, to pay off the capital itself after a certain number of years, would of course depend upon the amount of the actual water-rate paid by the inhabitants. As to the plan itself, in a local point of view, a curious question would arise: Has London an equitable right to Welsh water, to the supplies which the mountain slopes and valleys furnish? Have not all the unpronounceable Welsh villages a prior right, and will not Shrewsbury and Bridgenorth and other towns have a right to complain if the sources of their river (the Severn) are thus tampered

with by the Cockneys, regardless of the obligations of *meum and tuum*?

The scheme of Messrs Hemans and Hassard is bolder than Mr Bateman's, inasmuch as they go further for their supply. They will extend their works to two hundred and forty miles, instead of one hundred and eighty odd. They have fallen in love with the Lake Country as a source of supply. On the flanks of the Cumberland mountains are wide stretches of country which receive a rainfall of not much less than ninety inches' depth per annum (the wettest county in England); and this rainfall supplies (among other lakes) the beautiful Thirlmere, Ullswater, and Haweswater. These lakes are to be taken prisoners on behalf of the Londoners. Aqueducts are to be formed from Thirlmere and Haweswater to Ullswater; and then from Ullswater a continuous aqueduct to Harrow, near London. This aqueduct—to which we have never even dreamed of anything equal in length in this country—would penetrate under Kirkstone Pass by tunnelling, and then travel along Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, &c. It would be purposely so laid out as to avoid coal-fields. The reservoirs at Harrow would be about two hundred and twenty feet above Trinity high-water; and the works thence to London would present a good deal of analogy to those on Mr Bateman's plan. The area of supply is calculated at about one hundred and eighty square miles of rainfall. One peculiar feature in the scheme is, that an allowance of fifty million gallons per day is to be made to certain towns in Lancashire; the mighty aqueduct is to make a present of this quantity to the towns as it passes along. Blackburn, Bolton, Wigan, and many other busy towns in that very busy county, are but scantily supplied with water, or will necessarily be so as population increases; even now, during very dry seasons, some of these towns are put upon short allowance.

Mr Edward Hull, of the Geological Survey, has placed the scheme of Mr Bateman in comparison with that of Messrs Hemans and Hassard, with a view of determining their relative points of superiority. The first of the two schemes was earliest in the field; it bears marks of more elaboration; it is accompanied by more detailed information; it is about one-third shorter in length of viaduct than the rival scheme; it would cost a million less money (about nine millions sterling against ten millions); and it would avoid the formidable cutting of seven miles of tunnelling in hard rock, which Messrs Hemans and Hassard would have to encounter in their mountain-engineering. On the other hand, the scheme of these last-named engineers has its own peculiar set of advantages; it could afford a very welcome supply to several large Lancashire towns; the payment which those towns would be willing to make would help to pay for the entire undertaking; it would utilise the rock-basins and natural reservoirs of the Cumberland region, and thereby avoid the cost of constructing the large artificial reservoirs which would be necessary in Mr Bateman's plan, and which (being in some cases eighty feet high) would be all the more liable to eruption in proportion to their height; and it is slightly superior in reference to the purity of the water from the Lakes over that from the Welsh mountains—but this difference is not great, both being much more pure than the Thames.

These, then, are the great schemes which are

'looming in the distance;' and if the reader should perchance meet with discussions on the Plinlimmon plan and the Ullswater plan in the present year's parliament, he will at anyrate be able to know 'what it is all about'—even though he may not be competent to go learnedly into the matter. He cannot, if he would, wholly ignore the water-butt.

## LORD ULSWATER.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE SPIED SPY.

STEPHEN MARSH, member of the College of Surgeons, supplied a noteworthy illustration of the incompleteness of human—and indeed animal—cunning. The stoat that fastens on the hare's throat has no eyes or ears for the keeper swinging his ash-stick over the head of the exultant little bloodsucker. The black cormorant, perched upon the slippery ridge of weed-fringed rock, and poising itself with flapping wings and eager neck outstretched for a plunge among the gleaming mackerel, quite forgets that on its crag above the osprey waits, with glittering eye and ruffled plumes, ready to swoop down almost to the sea itself, and rob the robber. Politicians are often as short-sighted in their simple greed as stoats and cormorants can be; and other men of professed astuteness, from the disreputable rigger of the thimbles to the respectable rigger of the money-market, are just as liable to blindness as are politicians.

Lord Ulswater's rebellious instrument was a keen edge-tool, dangerous to handle. Mr Marsh may perhaps have had no special aptitude for the art of healing, but he was able, and, in his way, adroit. For the clumsy coarseness with which he had conducted his attempted negotiation with William Morgan, he was not, after all, so very much to blame: he could not fairly be expected to anticipate the honourable instinct that debarred the discarded suitor from taking a share in the plot to ruin, by legal means, the man who had stolen from him the dearest prize that life held; and the ex-Bursch of a second-rate German university, who had learned to view the world through a hazy atmosphere of bad tobacco-smoke, bad beer, bad poetry and metaphysics, and whose after-experiences had tended to sour and degrade him, might be pardoned for believing the worst of those with whom he came in accidental contact.

While, however, Mr Marsh was keeping heedful watch on the new M.P. for Oakshire, by whose help he trusted to secure a fulcrum for the lever that should topple down John, Lord Ulswater, from his pride of place, he absolutely neglected to secure himself from being the object of any similar scouting operations; and yet, all that morning, from the hour when he first threw open his window to admit the welcome summer wind into the den of a dressing-room in which he stood, forcing his hand to be steady as he reaped his steel-hard beard with the sharp razor, an eye had been upon him, and his outgoings had been observed with a care that would have startled him not a little.

When the town omnibus, garish in its summer coat of red and green, like a Brazil parrot, came tinkling and clanging on its rattling wheels and complaining springs, to the surgeon's huge stucco-fronted house, its arrival was not unnoticed. Mr Marsh's presence of mind, as displayed in that little matter of the pistol, was remarked also by the same eye-witness who saw the omnibus drive round

to take the doctor up, and who had known the doctor's intentions as to his trip to the metropolis, almost as early as the doctor himself.

It has been mentioned that a cattle-fair had lately been held at an inland town within easy reach of Shellton, and that certain cattle-vans, destined to convey beef to the all-devouring mouth of London, were attached to the train at that station. The beef aforesaid being still in the shape of live oxen, capable of suffering from thirst, and heat, and dust, and confinement, and, moreover, provided with a due complement of horns and hoofs, wherewith, at the last extremity of wretchedness, to avenge the wrongs of the bovine race upon its tyrants, sundry stout drovers, with iron-pointed ash-plants in their hands, and brass badges worn inside their greasy fustian coats, were in attendance on these four-footed travellers. One of these cow-compelling persons, a sturdy fellow, who wore a red cotton handkerchief tied so loosely round his brawny throat that the lower part of his face was almost wholly hidden by its broad folds, and whose mangy brown cap was slouched down to his very eyes, was obtrusively active in his vocation, dealing such thwacks with his tough stick that the flanks of his unoffending charges sounded again to the blows, and swearing with much vigour and relish, yet never losing a chance of following, with his roving, deep-set eyes, the proceedings of Mr Marsh.

The hero of the red pocket-handkerchief was evidently an outsider. Hard as he struck among the bullocks, as, blundering, and bellowing forth their wonder and alarm, they were hustled into the vans, and packed head and tail, like sardines in a box, his manipulation of the stick was rather that of a brilliant amateur than of a trained professional. He did not know the tender spots, or ply the goad which he as well as the others carried, in defiance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in the same perfection as the rest. Also, whereas the other men chatted or swore at each other quite familiarly as Jack and Harry, no one addressed the broad-shouldered personage by name. 'Doing old Nat's work, ain't he?' one fellow gruffly asked of another, pointing over his shoulder at the knight of the red kerchief.

'Ay, ay,' was the answer. 'Old Nat's that drunk he won't be fit to do anything these three days. The chap stood a goodish drop of beer over there at the *Three Fishers*. Old Nat gave his job, he did, but he wouldn't be so jolly green as to lend him his badge and his licence. What the man wants to take cattle up to market for, I don't know, unless he expects to crib a beast or two, but I'll go bail I look too sharp to be gammoned by a Johnny Raw.'

'I'll bet a pint, and a pint at the back o' that, you do, Mr Tradgett,' said the admiring underling who was lieutenant to this Smithfield cattle-captain, and then added in a lower tone, that the freshman was a queer sort of strongish customer, and not one to quarrel with, if so be it could be helped; a remark which, confirmed as it was by the stout make and resolute aspect of the new recruit, carried conviction to the mind of the head-drover.

In all professions, there is a corporate feeling antagonistic to interlopers, and thus it proved in the present instance. These rugged bullock-drivers eyed their amateur comrade askance, and gave him the cold-shoulder, very much as second-year Christ-church men, or second-enlistment soldiers, or regular members of a county-hunt, are apt to survey



a novice suddenly thrust into their company. There was a freemasonry among them, and the last-comer had not the pass-words of the order. But the man with the red handkerchief swathed about his thick neck seemed to care very little indeed for the lack of cordiality with which he was treated by his colleagues, but busied himself in his new duties, keeping all the while a wary watch upon the opposite platform.

'You'd better get in again, sharp, or you'll be left behind, my buck,' an excitable railway policeman had shouted, at the very time when the scene between Fortunatus Morgan and Mr Marsh, consequent upon the accidental dropping of the pistol, had come to a close, and the surgeon, jumping into a first-class carriage, was hastily handing to the guard the difference of price between his second-class ticket and the full fare. 'Do you hear me, there, you in the red neckhandkercher!' screamed the policeman again, as the bell rang and the engine whistled responsive. It was very provoking. The train had been made up for some time, and with much toil; only one or two laggards among the second-class passengers were yet to be pushed or persuaded into their places; the luggage was being flung into the van as they pitch coke into a furnace; and there was one of those drover fellows, the noisy one with the red handkerchief and mangy cap, standing in the middle of the platform, gaping at young Squire Morgan and the surgeon, as if they had been playactors—so the policeman afterwards declared—performing for his especial amusement.

'You get in, will yer?' growled the head-drover, with a *sotto-voce* accompaniment of oaths, looking out from his perch near the cattle; and the stout man with the red kerchief slowly obeyed.

'What the (Pandemonium!) did it signify to you, staring at those swells?' austere demanded the chief-herdsman. But he got no answer, and perhaps expected none, the new-comer merely hitching his shoulder round as he began to chew a lump of strong negrohead tobacco that he took from his waistcoat pocket, the rules of the railway company not permitting the solace of a pipe. When, however, the train had got a few miles on its upward journey, the volunteer drover proved himself to be possessed of more clubbable qualities than he had previously been credited with, since, from a red bundle that lay at his feet, and which had for envelope a cotton handkerchief similar to that which encircled its proprietor's throat, he produced some cold meat and bread, a black bottle containing gin, and a pack of well-thumbed cards, and thus enabled his fellow-travellers to while away the time in a fashion much to their taste.

'How did you get all those blue patterns on your arms, mate?' asked Mr Tradgett, the drover-in-chief, curiously eyeing the dark-blue tattooing that marked the sturdy wrists of the amateur in cattle-tending.

'Some was done with gunpowder, regular, and some with the infernal cuttle-fish dye the black-fellows use.—That mermaid's neat, and so's the anchor with a true-lover's knot!' said the person addressed, looking down with a pardonable pride, like that of the owner of some famous picture-gallery, on the designs stamped indelibly upon his skin.

'And the letters W.H.—that'll stand for your name, I suppose?' inquired another of the group.

'Maybe they will, and maybe they won't,' sulkily answered the tattooed gentleman, shaking the black bottle, in hopes that a little gin might still

remain in it. But the gin was all drunk, and the card-playing had languished of late, seeing that the red-kerchiefed man had won as many shillings, sixpences, and copper coins as could well be extracted from the pockets of the company. Red Kerchief was none the more popular in consequence. The winner is generally viewed with anything but affection, and, above all, when he adds the offence of mystery to that of gaining other people's money. Who was this honorary member of the drovers' club? the legitimate constituents of the society began to ask themselves. He had distributed his gin very freehandedly, no doubt, but then what business had he to hold such cards, and to back his luck by such skill? At Blind Hookey, at Van John, at Beggar my Neighbour, at whist, he had won, and won, and won, till they would stake no more, and were half inclined to set upon him, pick a quarrel with him, and pommel him to a jelly. Who was he?

When the train reached London, Red Kerchief's late comrades had still more reason to ask the question, since, without even affecting to 'bear a hand' in getting the cattle out of their wagons, utterly regardless of the commands or curses of the foreman, off the travelled man of the tattooed wrists and brown cap went, with a quick step, following in the wake of Mr Marsh, M.R.C.S.

The surgeon, unencumbered by any luggage more ponderous than his little black bag, was not long in springing into the first cab whose driver would consent to receive a solitary male passenger. But before he could find this compliant if repining Jehu, Mr Marsh had had to hail the charioteers of some eight or nine hack vehicles, the Phaethons of every one of which, on the look-out for ladies, children, nursemaids, canvas-covered trunks, bird-cages, lap-dogs, and rocking-horses, were deaf to his appeals; and this gave time for Red Kerchief to come stealthily up, and, ensconced behind a wooden pillar, to note Mr Marsh's proceedings. The nose-bag was jerked away from the head of the patient brute in the shafts, the hard reins were gathered up, and with a cut of the frayed whip, the horse was set in motion. The cab went off at a slow trot. Red Kerchief set off at a trot too, following the cab.

A good runner was this man, who had been tattooed in some out-of-the-way part of the world, and who had just taken French-leave of his self-imposed duties as a drover. The day was hot, and the London atmosphere oppressively sultry, the heavy air seeming to reek with vapours of every organic origin, and to be at the same time loaded with carbon, and gritty with the powdered granite of the roads. But the pursuer held his own well, keeping the cab constantly in sight, and shewing no symptoms of distress. A well-dressed man, running through London streets at such a pace, would have been set down as an escaping pickpocket or ring-snatcher, and even a boy would probably have provoked a cry of 'Stop thief!' But such men as Red Kerchief, who have the look of porters, messengers, doers of jobs miscellaneous, henchmen of the London Demos, are privileged to run. The police never thought of inquiring of the swift-footed Ganymede, as he went by, wherefore he hurried thus.

At the corner of Arundel Street, Strand, Mr Marsh paid off his cab. From habit, rather than from any apprehension, he cast one scrutinising glance around him. Leaning against a post, with his back turned, was a sturdy man in a red neck-

handkerchief, dressed in fustian and a cap; you may see a myriad such, any day, in the streets of London. Mr Marsh went his way, not giving the fustian-clad form a second thought, and Bendigo Bill, looking over his shoulder, watched him as he went.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—IN THE NICK OF TIME.

There are in Arundel Street, Strand, certain hostelrys, holding a medium rank between the hotel and the coffee-house, and the attractions of which, central situation, cheapness, sleepless night-porter, and all, are copiously advertised to the economical public by the help of Bradshaw. One of these is called Grupp's Private Hotel, and to Grupp's Private Hotel Mr Marsh turned his steps, walking briskly, and whistling a tune the while. Mr Marsh, albeit unknown, was a welcome guest at the Private Hotel of Grupp, and was immediately made free of the coffee-room, which was small and dingy, and supplied with a yesterday's copy of the *Daily Telegraph*, last week's number of the *Derby Guardian*, a hot waiter, a half-dozen of blue-bottle flies, and any number of cruet-stands, desiccated mustard-pots, and dirty table-cloths.

That Grupp, the landlord, was a Derbyshire man, might easily be guessed, not only from his north midland accent, or from his habit of taking in a Derby paper, but because sundry engravings representing Peak scenery and country mansions lying within the compass of the shire, adorned the walls of the bar, the coffee-room, and the landlord's dark little private parlour. There are abundance of such queer outposts of far-away counties to be found in London, places where, if not a Yorkshireman, or Cornish, or Welsh, as the case may be, the uninitiated finds himself looked upon as a foreigner in the metropolis of his native land.

Grupp's was one of these. Hard Ashbourn ale was on draught at Grupp's; and if you had a mind for Derbyshire gossip and scandal, for the last news about the estates that were changing hands, the exhausted old county families that were going out, the fire-new millocrats fast replacing them; the coal, lead, marble, stockings, and other productions of the shire—there were generally inmates of the house who had plenty to say on all these subjects. Oddly enough, although Mr Marsh had never been at Grupp's before, and although he did not come with any intention of chatting over local topics of the class alluded to, it was a half-understood impulse of local patriotism to which the Private Hotel owed his patronage. He was a Derbyshire man himself, and he had picked out Grupp's name from the advertisement pages of Bradshaw, because it was a name that he had seen over shop-fronts and toll-bars, when he was a boy, in Derbyshire.

Mr Marsh ordered his dinner, and bespoke a bed. He took up the *Derby Guardian*, while waiting for his mutton-chops, and skimmed its contents, not caring very much for the news, but refreshing his memory with the half-forgotten names of old towns and villages, old inns, country seats, and even old factories, the tall chimneys of which he remembered when he was a lad. Then his chops came, and he ate, and drank, and enjoyed himself, for he was now in very good spirits. He had made fifty pounds that very morning; and he by no means considered himself to have no further hold upon the donor. He promised himself faithfully, that William Morgan should either lend him material aid in his great campaign against Lord

Ulswater, or that he should pay an additional sum of hush-money to have that little matter of the pistol kept dark. Mr Marsh, like many birds of the same dark feather, had perhaps an exaggerated idea of the high ransom which wealthy folks are willing enough or weak enough to pay for peace and quietness.

They—Grupp and his staff—were glad enough to entertain the Shellton doctor at the Private Hotel. He was a typical customer, not A1, certainly, but perhaps a third or fourth rate sort of guest. The most valued customers were married clergymen with their wives, come to town for a week's mild dissipation at Exeter Hall and the Crystal Palace; married partners in the smaller manufactories, with their wives, attracted by shops and theatres; stout yeomen, with comfortable dames, and a bevy of bright-eyed daughters, who were pretty certain to make their appearance when cattle-shows prevailed. Family custom is the sheet-anchor of an old-established house like Grupp's, which had really a good name, more or less merited, in Grupp's native province.

But it would never answer to discourage chance customers and birds of passage, and of these Mr Marsh appeared a tolerable specimen. There are numbers of nondescript men in black coats, not steady-looking enough for schoolmasters, not hard-handed enough for mechanics, too rusty in their sabres to be easily taken for members of the so-called liberal professions, but who are perpetually going and coming over the length and breadth of England. A very peculiar race of beings, hangers-on and camp-followers, so to speak, of the great army of the Educated, but who are tolerated at more fastidious caravanserais than Grupp's, so long as they pay their way and behave decorously.

Mr Marsh complied with both these conditions. He ate his mutton-chops, sipped his half-pint of bad sherry, concluded his meal with strong-smelling Derbyshire cheese and frothing Derbyshire ale, and was as quiet and well-behaved a customer as ever had occupied the coffee-room. His little black bag, after being surreptitiously weighed in the hand, as well as subjected to the ordeal by pinching and poking, was pronounced, both by Mrs Grupp and the head-chambermaid, who also held the office of barmaid in *commendam*, to be an honest bag, unballasted with brickbats or other illegitimate make-weights, and altogether such a bag as might be held responsible for the sum of eight shillings at least; and Mrs Grupp and her female prime-minister had had considerable experience in black bags, and regarded them with just suspicion.

The surgeon's consumption of chops, cheese, ale, and sherry being fairly within the limits of the eight shillings for which, on the strength of his baggage, he had credit in the Grupp establishment, he would not, on taking up his hat, and preparing to go out, have been asked to pay for his dinner, had he not volunteered to do so. As it was, he called for the waiter, settled the trifling score, bestowed upon the attendant largesse to the amount of sixpence, and then walked out of the Private Hotel, rising very high in his landlady's good opinion by the promptitude of his solvency. Grupp's knew nothing of him. He might be a Sunday-school teacher, or an usher, or an income-tax deputy-collector, or a begging-letter writer, but he was sober, and a good paymaster, and to be encouraged accordingly.

Mr Marsh was in no excessive hurry. His goal was, as he knew, very near, and in two minutes, if he pleased, he might be face to face with Mrs Fletcher. But he took a good deal of time to turn the matter over in his head, and strolled along the steep and dusty pavements of nearly all the short streets that run laterally from the Strand to the river, chewing the cud of his own dark thoughts. What was it that he was about to do? How was he to obtain such a hold upon the *ci-devant* nurse as should render her his bonds slave and instrument? He should have thought of that before; indeed he unquestionably would have done so, but that his brains were usually foggy with liquor, and that his narrow creed of self-interest, a sort of ethical materialism, made him confident that every one had his price, and could be bought by a purchaser sufficiently rich in coin or promises.

The interview with William Morgan that day had set Mr Marsh's thoughts wandering in a new direction. He had got fifty pounds, true! but then he had been balked of his object. What had the surgeon gained by what he had considered as a master-stroke? He had presented to the M.P. for Oakshire two of the most powerful temptations that can be offered to mortal man—had offered him an opportunity of gratifying at once revenge and love, and lo! the tempter had been repulsed, literally driven away, with a few pounds contemptuously tossed to him, like a bone flung to a dog. In vain he told himself that Morgan was an idiot, a peevish dullard, unfit to do a man's work in the world, or to feel the fire of a man's hate. Something whispered to the surgeon that he had made an egregious mistake in playing the part of Iago so coarsely as he had done.

And if Morgan were thus squeamish, he who had just sustained a great injury and a bitter affront at Lord Ulswater's hands, if he, with the smart and sting of his wrongs and his pain fresh upon him, would not consent to dip his hands in the black waters of conspiracy, was it not possible that those Gloucestershire Carnacs would refuse to listen to the voice of Mr Marsh, and even shew him to the door, should he dare to present himself for the purpose of bargaining with them! It was worth reflecting about, after all. Perhaps, even yet, it might be better to come to terms with Lord Ulswater himself, to wring as much money from him as possible, and to suppress the evidence against him. And yet he was so haughty, so hard, that it would need a great display of threatening forces to drive him into a capitulation. And it was painful to Mr Marsh, who was a good hater, that, even with clipped wings, Lord Ulswater should go free.

But in any case it was necessary that he, Stephen Marsh, should gain such an influence over the nurse as would make her do his bidding, and he knit his brows into a savage frown as he thought that she too might prove intractable. What did he know of her? He remembered her well—a dark, handsome, very young woman, proud, reserved, and with a sort of subdued fierceness in her down-looking eyes. She was so young, when first he saw her at St Pagans, that he had been surprised to notice the wedding-ring on her finger, and to hear her spoken of as Mrs Fletcher. He and she had held but little talk together, and that little was exclusively about the work in hand. Of her previous history, he knew nothing. Something he guessed, but there were no reasonable grounds for his conjecturing more than that Lord Ulswater—John

Carnac then—had influence over her of some sort. Was she really married? and if so, was it over the unknown husband, or the wife, that Lord Ulswater's power extended? That was all in doubt.

He had seen her once again, at Bellevue House, and by following her, had discovered her present place of abode—he blessed his stars for that lucky chance. But he did not know her exact station in the world, or whether she dwelt alone. Most likely not. She must surely have relations, ties of some kind, in London. What, too, could have been her errand at Clapham, and why had she visited the school kept by his brother, the self-dubbed Dr Marsh? He was a dolt not to think of that before. He *had* thought of it, in this wise, that he had debated the probability of extracting some information about it from his brother. It was likely that his brother knew something about this Mrs Fletcher and her relatives; but then the ex-licensed victualler had a great dislike to fraternal visits, as damaging to the respectability of Bellevue House, and absorbent of his spare cash; and it would take an infinity of trouble to coax or browbeat any intelligence out of the schoolmaster. He was sure, too, that the mock-doctor knew nothing useful—nothing against Mrs Fletcher. The school was jealous of its good name. Most probably this young woman had respectable relations, on whose account she had been intrusted with some message or negotiation at the Clapham academy.

Once or twice, as the surgeon sauntered here and there along the streets leading to the river, he caught a glimpse of a sturdy figure, in fustian, with a brown cap and a red handkerchief, now leaning against a lamp-post or a corner-house, now kicking his heels, literally, at the entrance of a mews or of a coal-yard, but always a good way off, and always lounging idly. But such figures are so plentiful in London, and so many grown-up street Arabs are always hanging about the skirts of every great thoroughfare, ready to hold a horse, to carry a burden, to call a cab, or perhaps to snap up unconsidered trifles, such as pewter tankards and stray lapdogs, that Mr Marsh paid no regard to the occasional appearance of this one.

At last he made up his mind, and with a brisk business-like tread, he strode over the pavement towards Cecil Street. The exact number of Mrs Fletcher's abode he did not know; but he had counted the houses from the corner downwards, and was certain to knock at the right door.

'Did you want the drawing-rooms, sir? Mrs Fletcher's out; but the gentleman's in, as usual,' said the bare-armed maid, with a fine perfume of yellow soap about her, who opened the door.

Mr Marsh stood, puzzled. 'The gentleman?' he said wonderingly.

'Yes, Mr Fletcher.'

She had a husband, then, and a husband who did not go out, on account, perhaps, of ill-health. That was so much gained, certainly. But Mr Marsh felt that he could not, very conveniently, broach the subject of his projected interview with the wife to the strange husband, who might be young or old, honest or dishonest, a saint or a sinner.

Just then, a light female footstep sounded on the flagstones, and Loys Sark came so suddenly up that the recognition was simultaneous.

'Mrs Fletcher!'

'Doctor!' And the colour rose to the dark rounded cheek; and the look which Loys threw at the visitor was not a look of pleasure.



'I have found you out, you see,' said the surgeon waggishly.

'Yes, you have found us out,' answered Loys in a weary tone; and they stood looking on one another with no friendly scrutiny.

#### GREEN TURTLE CAY.

SOME thousands of miles across the Atlantic, you come to several green islands, of different size and shape. They are not situated off the stormy and inclement coasts of Newfoundland or Labrador, but far away to the south, where the cocoa-nut tree ripens its fruit, where the most luscious pine-apples exhale their delicious fragrance, and where the humming-bird finds a congenial home, with a flower-garden to ramble through, and honey-dew to sip. These islands, the smaller of which are called Cays, are situated just off the coast of Florida. The one of which I am about to speak lies off the north coast of the large island of Abaco, which, being almost uninhabited, is very slightly cultivated.

The smaller island of Green Turtle Cay has been settled for, I suppose, about fifty years, and has a population of about a thousand. It is five or six miles long, scarcely anywhere exceeds half a mile in width; is covered nearly all over with dense bush; has a fine natural harbour, protected from all winds; and is itself defended to a considerable extent by reefs of rock, which stem the heavy seas as they come rolling over the North Atlantic. In addition to the harbour just mentioned, there are two considerable inlets or sounds at each extremity of the island, which run in a longitudinal direction, each of them from half a mile to a mile in length.

Situated in nearly twenty-six of north latitude, the island enjoys a very mild winter climate, while its summer is oppressively hot. The means of support and occupation which the islanders in this obscure spot possess, are not so limited as might be supposed; and, in fact, with a little fresh blood direct from England or America, a good deal might be made of the place and neighbourhood. There is abundance of fish in the neighbouring seas; and the weather being almost always fine, and the sea calm, the occupation of fishing can be pursued at all times of the year. There are also lobsters, craw-fish, crabs, and occasionally most delicious turtle. There are no oysters. Prawns, which are caught in such plenty in India, and form the basis of that finest of all dishes, prawn-curry, are not found in the Bahamas. They appear, however, on the coasts of the Windward Islands.

Lobsters are caught in a peculiar manner. They are found in plenty along the side of the inlets, which penetrate the Cays. A boat is rowed along the mangrove-bushes which line the margin of these sounds, as they are called. One man is armed with a two-pronged spear; a water-glass is used to examine the bottom of the sea; and when a lobster is seen, he is saluted with the prongs, and hauled on board. When the tide is low, numbers are easily speared. Turtle is caught in a similar manner, but without the use of the water-glass.

Besides fishing, however, there is a far more profitable occupation, in which nearly every one on the island can take part. About fifty miles north-west, there is a splendid sponging-ground, and several times a year, boats proceed to this spot, and return after a few weeks, each boat bringing perhaps from three hundred to five hundred dozen

of sponges. These are sent to Nassau, and sold to the merchants, so that a considerable sum of money is periodically divided amongst the islanders, from a source which scarcely any other part of the world is in possession of. I have been informed that Nassau receives thirty thousand pounds a year from this trade.

The water-glass is absolutely necessary in collecting sponges, which often grow at a considerable depth. A pole, from ten to twenty or thirty feet long, with a double claw fastened to the end of it, is let down to the root of the sponge, which is torn from the rock. The natives pretend this is very hard work: probably, however, it would not compare with ploughing or other of our agricultural operations. The sponges, when collected, are found to be tenanted by the worm, as it is called, and must therefore be placed in the sun, to allow the animal to die. Afterwards, they are well washed in water, until all the animal matter is got rid of, and the bad smell dissipated, when they are brought to market. A bead of sponges of about a dozen or more may be bought for three shillings on the island of Green Turtle Cay.

These two branches of trade, with what the soil itself can yield—namely, bananas, sweet-potatoes, and perhaps Indian corn—might be supposed to be quite sufficient for the support of the inhabitants, who consist of men of European and African origin, with a few of a mixed race. In addition, however, to these sources of livelihood, the inhabitants can, all of them if they like, grow oranges for the New York market. The land is cheap, and there is no tax on the produce; besides which, government land is often occupied and cultivated without having been bought at all, or any rent being paid. A negro of my acquaintance told me that he occupied in this way a small plot of land of about an acre or two, on which last summer, with the help of his son, he grew three thousand six hundred pine-apples, for which he received thirty pounds. This plot of ground is on the island of Abaco, which the people usually call the Main. It is separated from the Cay by only two or three miles of delightfully calm and clear water. My black friend having acquired so much money for a few weeks' work, took, I believe, a long rest; in fact, with the help of fish and molluscs, of which there is great plenty, he had no necessity to work any more for that year.

Fruit is very cheap: one hundred limes were offered me for sixpence, a few months ago. Pine-apples are abundant, and the finest in flavour I ever tasted. The pine-apples are plucked before they are quite ripe, and shipped for New York, which port they reach in perhaps eight or ten days. There they are immediately sold to a dealer, who soon finds purchasers for them. The oranges come later in the season; they are plucked green, and ripen during the voyage.

There are two or three fruits on this island which I have not seen in other parts of the world; one of these is the alligator pear, which is of the shape of an English one, and grows on a small tree. It is not much of a fruit, but is very nice for breakfast in hot weather, when it is eaten with pepper and salt. It is one of those fruits for which one acquires a liking in a short time. It is only in season in the summer. The sapodello is another fruit which is not found in any part of India that I am acquainted with. This is a very nice fruit, and resembles bread-pudding, but is very sweet.

There are so many reefs and ledges, sounds and sandbanks, in this part of the world, that wrecks are considered a regular source of income, and the most profitable of all. In fact, although I resided on the island scarcely six months, there were not less than seven wrecks within reach of our boats. The share for salvage which the natives obtain is about half the value of the goods saved; moreover, these being sold by auction in the town, the inhabitants are able to purchase at a cheap rate many of the necessities and even luxuries of life. In incidentally alluding to the subject of wrecking, I approach a topic of great importance to the real and permanent welfare of the Bahama Islands. It is a matter which has engaged the serious attention of the present governor, who is most laudably desirous of substituting some other occupation more in accordance with the true interests of the inhabitants, than the precarious and demoralising trade of wrecking; the gains from which are at times so great as to deprive the natives of the necessary stimulus to those industrial pursuits which their social wants inculcate. The certainty of the occurrence of a shipwreck sooner or later, naturally diverts the mind from the subject of horticulture, which ought to engage their attention. The temptation also to theft is very great, and too often yielded to. Numerous, however, as are the moral objections to the practice in question, not less so are the difficulties which stand in the way of its reform.

There are several light-houses scattered over the Bahamas, and no doubt many more are required. Still it should be borne in mind that, to make them thoroughly efficient, the keepers should be placed beyond the temptation of a bribe. A salary of eighty pounds a year, with rations for one individual, is sadly insufficient for such a purpose. When residing in that part of the world, I accidentally heard of a keeper who, in spite of the severe economy inevitable with such a salary, contrived both to drink champagne and amass a fortune of several hundred pounds. One is reminded, in short, of the Frenchman's stone-broth, which proved so delicious a repast.

In spite of the advantages enjoyed by the natives of the island, there is no accumulation of wealth, as a general rule, by the negro population. They are improvident, and very deficient in regard to the payment of their debts. I confess I have formed the opinion, that a country inhabited by a negro peasantry would bear a very unfavourable comparison with one peopled by men of European race, unless, indeed, a prolonged moral culture under civilised institutions should develop a much more elevated character in future generations.

One of the greatest evils connected with Green Turtle Cay is the painful uncertainty of communication. European letters are received at Nassau once a month by the mail from New York, and there they will often remain for ten or twenty days, when at length, after patience is worn out from repeated disappointment, a schooner is seen approaching the island, the letters arrive, but cannot be answered until another mail has come from New York. The natives of the place, however, care very little for this uncertain communication, as they have no friends in Europe, and are not given to epistolary correspondence. They find amusement in their boats and schooners, and their daily round of occupation.

At Green Turtle Cay I made my first acquaintance with the humming-bird. His power of

wing is wonderful. You are puzzled to decide whether the marvellous little creature is perched on some small twig, or standing in the air, so still is he, whilst his wings are working with tremendous rapidity. Suddenly, he will tumble two or three feet down, and instantly be suspended in mid-air, his wings giving forth their monotonous hum. Then, approaching a flower, he inserts his long bill, still standing in the air, and having extracted its sweets, darts off in another direction.

In the beginning of February, another pleasing visitor makes his appearance—the mocking-bird arrives. His song is something like that of the thrush. The natives of the Cay, however, do not appear to pay any regard to such visitants; all their interest centres in the sea, and the cry of 'A wreck!' will send every man running to his boat.

But the ocean here has attractions of another kind. The Bahamas are celebrated for their shells. Some very fine ones are occasionally found on this island, which entirely put to shame anything of the kind which is found on the coasts of India or England. A week's sojourn on the Cay, if they could suddenly be transported there, would be an immense treat to the frequenters of Scarborough or Brighton. The variety of bushes (some in flower), ferns, &c. would afford amusement to those of horticultural tastes; while the gyrations of the humming-bird, of which there are several species, would be a perpetual source of delight both to old and young. What a never-ending source of interest would be offered by that great treasure-store, the sea! What untiring pedestrians would circumambulate its shores! How persevering would be the idolaters of the little shrines, with their doorways of pearl, and their sculptured ornament, fabricated by the creatures of these clear green waters!

#### COMING PLEASURES.

SHADOW-LEAVES of rugged elms,  
Thrown on cool green meadow-plants;  
Light beyond, and flowered realms,  
Passing bees' deep organ-chants.  
Plumes of air that touch the cheek  
Like a rose, as soft and brief;  
Happy thoughts that need not speak,  
Lapped in rest and love's belief.  
Rippling stream by sun and shade,  
Golden-meshed, or amber-deep;  
Song of bird, and tinkling blade,  
Where the distant corn they reap  
Such an hour is coming, sweet,  
Banishing the anxious frown—  
Fanning ache and trouble's heat—  
Bringing heavenly angels down.

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